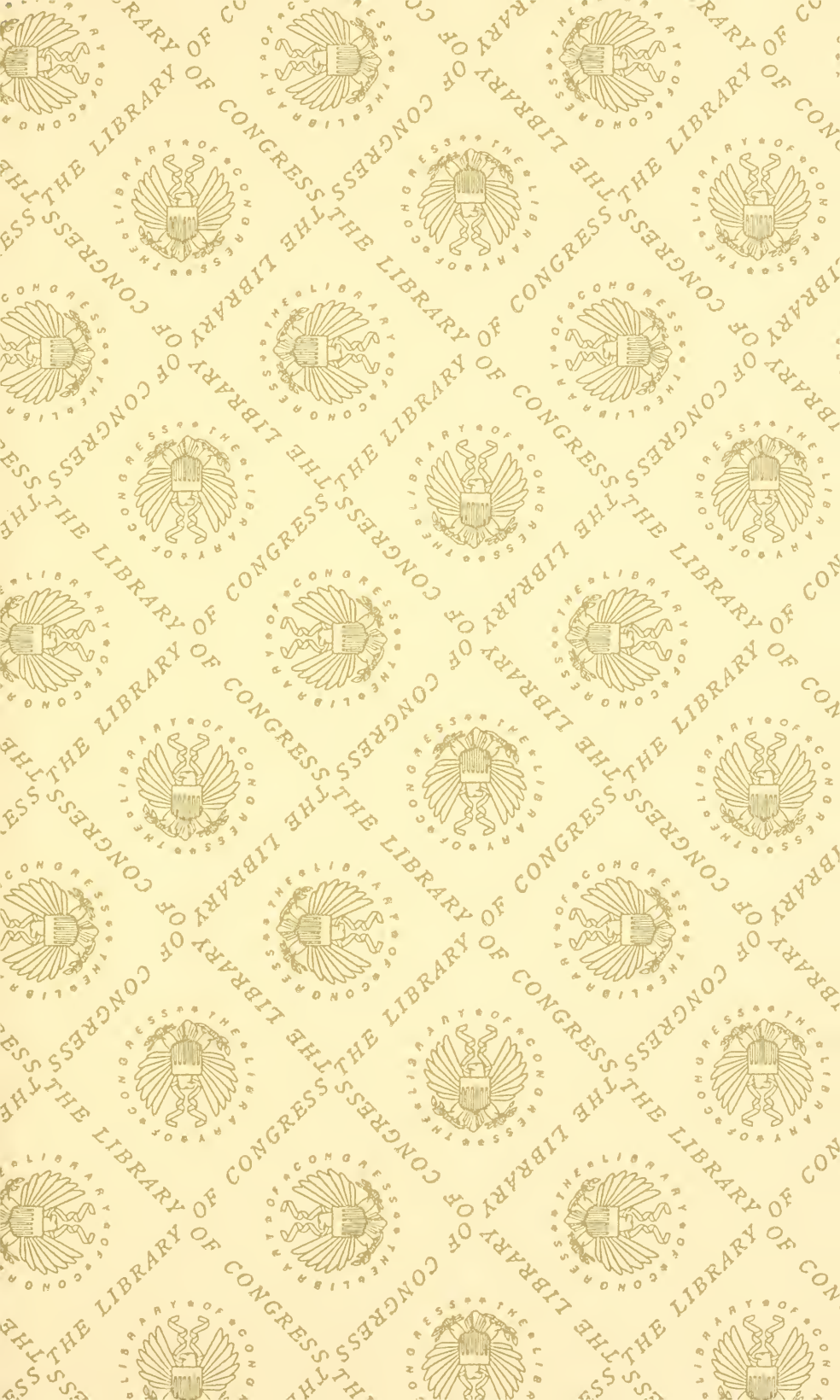


PS 3513

.A31 P4

1916







Anna Morley Gale

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1906

Pearls and Pebbles from the Sea of Thought

BY

Anna Morley Gale

*Wouldst thou a gift bestow,
Give of thyself a part,—
Tho' it be weeds that grow
And blossom in the heart.*

PRESS OF
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no. 1.

*Hark! Morn salutes me, O my soul!
Throw off the bonds of silken sleep!
No use for password or patrol;
The muses nine, my watch-fires keep.*

*Refreshed, arise! from sloth refrain!
A voice within must be obeyed.
From dreams awake! To dreams again,
O muses nine, now lend your aid.*

*A tribute true I would send out,
Like driftwood floating to the beach.
Some friends may praise, nor can I doubt
That it a kindly shore will reach.*

*I know not what may be its fate
When it is found where critics throng;
To Friendship—Love—I dedicate
This book of poesy and song.*

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NATIONAL SONG

Land of our fathers, bought with strife,
Columbia, refuge of the leal,
We'll guard thy honor from all blight,
We'll love thee e'er, thro' woe or weal.
Around thy head the eagle soars;
His curtained eye is on the sun.
Thy gaze is upward, onward too;
Thy course empyreal well begun.
Hail to the land of liberty!
Our flag, upon the free air, fling.
Sing joyous strains of victory!
Let all the world with gladness ring.

The sun ne'er sets upon thy flag
From icy shore to tropic sea;
From Occident to Orient,
All nations, homage pay, to thee.
Thy gates are ope to all the world;
Thou giv'st to earth the golden key;
Health, peace, and plenty, aliens find
Beneath thy folds of liberty.

Thy royal gifts are proffered all,
And men, self-made, the scepter wave;
Here, humble manhood purple wears,
And crowns are for the true and brave.
Here, right is king and brains are might;
Progression makes her changeful way,
While happy millions onward tramp
Up to the realm of endless day.

TWO CITIES

Her brown feet luring ocean spray,
Sits an ancient city, day by day;
Into her lap, Golconda's wealth pours;
Fleets of ships, commerce brings to her shores;
Thousands of spars, heavenward bear
All nations' flags to ripple in air;
Gilded spires, domes, and turrets arise,
Sending arrows, sun-tipped, thro' the skies.
With her steel net-work, where iron-shod steed
Clatters on and on in matchless speed;
With its buzzing looms and traffic's din,
Lathe, plane, and drill-wheels, that ever spin
In the rattling mills; the swirl of feet;
The anvil's clang; noise of crowded street;
Where moss-covered roofs stretch miles away;
Thousands of mortals fret, in life's fray.

Follow the river where cascades leap;
On thro' the willows, where plays bo-peep
A well-worn road; thro' an arch of stone,—
Lo! a rival city! Laugh nor moan
Sounds in the street. The black-robed cricket
Cries in the grass within the wicket.
Flowers bloom unplucked. Closed is each cot's
door,
The latchstring drawn. None walk the floor;
None heed the hour, be it night or noon;
Nor winter's cold breath, nor hot simoon,
Can break the calm of their peaceful rest.
With folded hands on each pulseless breast
They lie. Slowly filing from o'er there
They are e'er coming,—from toil and care,
Out of the city of "Strife" for gold
Into the city of "Peace" untold.

NOT LOST

Birds in Brazilian forests play,
And butterflies, on rainbow wings,
Dart out and in, like shuttles gay
Of silken threads the weaver flings.

Down in the ocean's darkened waves
Lie coral pink, and pearly shell.
No man has pierced their secret caves,
None, of their wondrous beauty, tell.

Flash the emeralds from your wings!
Fling your bright sapphires to the breeze!
O tropic bird, none hear you sing
In leafy haunts mid forest trees.

O gay song-bird amid the dell,
O flowers upon the mountain high,
Strewn on the ocean's floor, O shells,
You cannot shun the Master's eye.



PROGRESSION

Our foremothers wove and they spun
The fabrics that we today buy.
Privation and toil was their lot—
Now their wheels and reels silent lie.

Machines are doing their labor
In the busy mills of today.
To the buzz of spindle and loom,
Invention is still on its way.

But you, O spider, are spinning
As you spun in fair Eden's prime;
You are not an heir to progression
And you'll spin to the end of time.

COME OUT FROM YOUR DARK CORNERS

Come out from your dark corners,
Ye unfortunate of earth;
Come where the sun is shining
And have a glad, new birth.
Come out from your dark corners,
Sin ever shuns the light;
Regard an honored name—
Turn from your manhood's blight.

Come out from your dark corners,
Let the elixir of the sun,
With new life enthusing,
Along your heart's blood run.
Resplendent is the armor,—
The armor of the sun;
Come out from your dark corners
And vict'ry will be won.



BLADES OF GRASS

This sweet, simple truth is engraved on the sod,
"Blades of grass, are ye, in the garden of God."
Flourishing for a season, soon grown and cut down,
Dried up and withered, the green turned to brown.
The days are swift passing, like sands thro' a glass;
Soon, soon we'll be mown, like down-trodden grass.

Tho', in the great world, so small we appear,
He'll not us forget when the end draweth near—
Not alone rarest flowers from the garden to glean,
But from byway and field, that lieth between.
The days are swift passing, like sands thro' a glass;
Soon, soon we'll be mown, like down-trodden grass.

WHEN FAIR PEGGY POPS THE CORN

O when fair Peggy pops the corn,
Makes the snowy kernels hop,
Deftly shakes them, fast or slow,
How they skip and dance and drop!
And she looks so sweet and dainty,
(I'm a bachelor forlorn)
To pop the question, I'm inclined—
When fair Peggy pops the corn.

Her dimpled arms go back and forth
As she shakes the popper there;
How delicious is the fragrance
Floating in the subtile air!
And she looks so sweet and dainty,
(I'm a bachelor forlorn)
To pop the question, I'm inclined—
When fair Peggy pops the corn.

She wears a little apron white,
Frilled and trimmed with ribbon blue;
Her eyes, they twinkle like the stars;
Her red lips for kisses sue;
And she looks so sweet and dainty,
(I'm a bachelor forlorn)
To pop the question, I'm inclined—
When fair Peggy pops the corn.

Maiden-chairms, I have resisted—
Dreams of singleness are o'er
And I am captured now, I fear;
Peggy, darling, I adore.
Oh, she looks so sweet and dainty,
(I'm a bachelor forlorn)
To pop the question, I'm inclined—
When fair Peggy pops the corn.

FOUR BROWN WALLS

Four brown walls in an attic high,
Up shakey stairs toward the sky,—
Fingers of Time, on the smoked wall, bare,
Had told, in hieroglyphics there,
Tales of poverty's tugs with life;
The trials in the wide world rife.
There rats had grown bold, slim, and sleek;
And cobwebs hung from week to week.
Spiders their silken nets had spun
The old year's thro', since the new begun.
In a nook, where the sun ne'er shed
Its kindly rays, was a straw bed.
By the fireplace, his stinted fare
A lonely man didst oft prepare.
To oaken door, why didst he need
Strong bolt and lock? For who would heed
A place devoid of earthly spoil,
Where hardship reigned with ceaseless toil?
Whilst smoking fagots kindled slow,
He moved a table earthward. Lo!
He touched a spring, and presto! change!
Alladin's cave was not more strange!
He bore a prize from an iron chest
Where bag on bag of gold was pressed.
To fav'rite joys, himself resigned;
Old tasks resumed with sordid mind;
Feasted his eyes with keen delight
Till twilight deepened into night;
Reckoned his gains with eager care,—
The price of all that makes life fair;
Heard the click of gleaming gold
Which, like his heart, was hard and cold.
To him, life's joyful fount was dried;
Friendship and sympathy denied.
A knock fell on that bolted door,
That comes but once to rich and poor.
Earth's idols crumbled fast away

'Neath his grasp, on that final day.
 In fright, he cried, "O useless gold!
 For four brown walls, my life I've sold;
 For thee, defied the wintry blast;
 And can it warm me now at last?
 As o'er me creeps the chill of death,
 Can it prolong my fleeting breath?
 I hunger felt from year to year;
 My body gulled with meagre cheer;
 For luring dross, my life I've sold—
 Joy and heaven—for thee, O gold!"
 It makes a pillow, hard and cold,
 A dying sinner's head to hold.
 Four brown walls and a bed of clay—
 Mammon's fav'rite hath passed away;
 Four brown walls in the earth below—
 Avarice and greed are lying low.



ARBUTUS

Low 'neath the flotsam of the trees,
 By sodden leaf in secret fed,
 The sweetest harbinger of spring,
 Arbutus, hides its blushing head.

O humble sprite in mossy bed,
 Sweet blossom with pink, star-like face,
 Creeping along the soggy ground—
 Fragrance betrays your hiding-place.

Like you, O fairy little flower!
 Some lowly ones mid haunts of woe,
 Reared without joy, in penury,
 Into rarest graces grow.

THE HONEYSUCKLE AND THE HUMMINGBIRD

The honeysuckle climbs the wall,
From porch and thatch its pendants fall.
 Bees come to sup.
Freely, it offers wine to all
 From coral cup.

In sunny weather, here comes too,
On bronze-green wings faint-tipped with blue,
 The hummingbird.
The wee marauder comes to woo;—
 A whizz is heard.

The little sprite doth upward start,—
A moment poises,—then down doth dart
 With lightning speed.
He sips the honey from its heart
 And gives no meed.



ATTAR OF ROSES

Hearts have their sorrows, their troubles, their
 wrongs;
Lighten their way with a smile and gay songs.
Clouds love not sunshine, it drives them away.
Sympathy, kindness, turn night into day.
Fill to the brim, ere the brief summer closes,
Life's cup with good deeds,—sweet attar of roses.

Haste to do good, the long shade is falling.
Night-time is near, to rest and sleep calling.
We'll drive away tears, drive woe-clouds away.
All need our love-gifts. We'll give them today.
Fill to the brim, ere the brief summer closes,
Life's cup with good deeds,—sweet attar of roses.

TO AN AMBER NECKLACE

O'er your head thundered the cold, rolling wave;
A thousand years swept o'er your lonely grave;
Resurrected, released, from bondage below,
Be joyful! Away with darkness and woe.

You are done with tears.
Thro' the coming years
Sparkle and shimmer,
Flash on and glimmer,
Aye, yellow drops, shine
Like the golden wine
Of Certosa.

We know that the resinous tears of the pine
To beauty were turned by a hand divine.
Gems of the sea! metamorphosis strange!
We know He alone could make this sea-change!

Up from the Baltic's mysterious mine,
A wave-diver brought you ever to shine;
So we, from darkness, on some happy day,
Will, glorified, rise in dazzling array.

Here, in this casket, gleaming with light,
Crystalline gems, you gladden my sight;
You listened long to the sea's mournful voice,
From captivity freed, now you rejoice.

You are done with tears.
Thro' the coming years
Sparkle and shimmer,
Flash and glimmer,
Aye, yellow drops, shine
Like the golden wine
Of Certosa.

ON THE EDGE OF THE MARSH

O frog and turtle,—tadpole,
In this cozy, safe retreat,
You have a little corner—
Live your length of days complete.
This muddy, slimy water,
Far from care and worldly strife,
To you it is not homely—
'Tis the best you know of life.

There comes the gay sedge warbler
From his tilting wind-swept home,
In graceful evolutions
Writing poems on heaven's dome.
From the lilies' snowy table,
Nectar from her golden cup,
Dragon flies in blue gauze robes
Ask the sailor bee to sup.

In swift gyrations flashing,
The kingfisher hastens now
Where water blooms are lying
All around my skiff's low prow.
List his clamorous pipings,
Unto us no song he sings,
Iridescent gems he scatters,
Green and blue, from off his wings.

Ilex alders and day roses,
Rushes green and cat-tails rise,
And blue-flags, in their splendor,
Take their color from the skies.
O boggy, oozy acre!
None can wholly you despise—
This lowly water-garden
Where many a treasure lies!

WATER LILIES

Like a fleet of anchored coasters,
With white sails spread to the breeze,
Freighted deep with golden treasures
Safe from pirates of broad seas,
Where those queens of waters, Lethean,
Shut within the mossy hills,
And the gurgling, struggling outlet
Turns the distant, busy mills,
In the stream of dell Arcadian,
'Neath the shade of drooping willows,
Laughing nymphs are holding revel
Dancing 'neath the mimic billows.
Now a troop of roguish faces
Thro' the yellow branches lean,
Where they give, in court aquatic,
Homage to each white-robed queen.
From the wave, like Aphrodite,
Rise they, with the morning sun.
In the streamlet's arms enfolded,
When his daily course is run,
By a law divine, mysterious,
With each coming of the morn,
By this nightly holy baptism,
To new life, are they born.
From the ooze-bed of the water,
I tear and lift you to the boat;
Dripping, eagerly I clasp you,
Drink your fragrance,—dream,—and float.
Far beyond the tree-tops, western,
The red sun is sinking low;
With my freight of wilting lilies,
To my moorings, back I row.

CONTENTMENT

Incense, the Persians evermore
Burn to the sun whom they adore.
Nor breath Arabian spices yield,
Nor scent of rose or clover-field,
Are not so sweet as calm content,—
The humblest gift to mortals sent.

I might have love and wealth and fame
And ev'ry gift that I might name—
It would not count, if with them sent
Were not the best of all,—content,
Away with longings, woe and tears—
May it be mine thro' all the years!



EVER, EVER MAKING FLOWERS

O cruel, clanging fact'ry bell,
Year after year one tale you tell.
In dreams of green fields far away,
These children run and laugh and play;—
These little ones, you wake from sleep
And call them forth to work and weep.
O, Avarice, heed! Some mercy show—
Their heritage on them bestow!
For they are ever making flowers.

The sun and air to them denied,
They work to pamper woman's pride.
They fashion cotton, silk, and wire,
As tho' their hands could never tire.
O list the children's weary cry
Ere they, God's lilies, stricken lie,
For many fall upon the way—
(Lisette and Susie died last May—
And they were ever making flowers.)

I am a little weakly child
And I would ask, in measures mild,—
“Great God, who makes so many flowers
To deck this barren world of ours,
You form and paint, O Hand Divine!
On hill, in dale, their colors shine,
They gladden earth where'er we go;—
O do you never weary grow
Of ever, ever making flowers?”



WANDERLUST

The restless spirit of the age,
I see it fume, and chafe, and rage;
Like gypsies camping for the night,
Or fitting birds, some take their flight.
 One little spot, from care all free,
 Is world enough for mine and me.

Some wander east, some wander west,
Some wend their way to Alpine crest,
The ocean is their cradle-bed,
They journey far, by fancy led.
 One little cot, from sorrow free,
 Is world enough for mine and me.

The world is wide and free to all
Who haste to answer pleasure's call;
The auto rests not, night nor day,
All sing one song,—“Away! away!”
 A happy home, from want all free,
 Is world enough for mine and me.

O home, sweet home! Sure I am blest,
To court content. Here let me rest.
O humble lot! O cherished cot!
I love you, consecrated spot!
 A little farm, from debt all free,
 Is world enough for mine and me.

CLEOPATRA'S BARGE

Down the vanished, hoary ages,
 Beauteous visions upward rise—
Where the palm uprears, in grandeur,
 Its waving fronds to Egypt's skies,
Distant hills, in sunset glowing,
 'Round the ruddy landscape close;
On the sand, the sacred ibis
 Assumes its solemn pose.

Afar the Sphinx of Mystery
 Frowning, guards, with drooping lids,
The gloomy land; and distant loom
 The awe-inspiring pyramids.
Measured strokes, upon the water,
 Fall upon the listening ear—
Catch the chime of oar of silver!
 The barge is coming nearer—near.

With lithe strokes, light forms are swaying
 To chanting song of galley slave,
The gay-jeweled bark propelling
 O'er the undulating wave.
Loosened are the many reefings,
 Unfurled the purple, silken sail
'Broidered o'er with skillful tracings—
 They waft rare perfumes on the gale.

Now before her, meekly bowing,
 Wax lotus lilies though they be,
Soft they whisper as they do so,
 "We are powerful as she!
Are we not for beauty worshipped?
 Do we not some oft beguile
To forgetfulness of duty,
 Like the alluring wanton's smile?"

LOTUS LILIES

Here, within the magic circle
Of some swift, deluding power,
Losing form of native mill-stream,
Forgetting self, I dream an hour.

On the wings of soaring fancy,
As I idly dream awhile,
I am borne, a willing captive,
Where float lilies of the Nile.

Mother of Venus! fair Nile lily!
At thy name rise legends rare;
You graced banquets,—heathen temples,—
Sculptured tombs,—lent beauty there.

Now the paddle's measured dipping,
And the distant factory bell,
Mingling with the plashing mill-stream,
Break the mystic lotus spell.



EDELWEISS

A spray of starry flowers, you wave,
Casting your shadow on the rock;
No favored guide nor tourist brave
May wear you on his Alpenstock.

Alone you bloom amid the wild;
Soon run, your little length of days.
O Edelweiss, fair Alpine child,
None may discover, love, or praise.

In Nature's realm, in wood and field,
Or humble cot, in rough highway,
Beauty and worth their great wealth give—
Unknown—unloved—day after day.

SEA OF GALILEE

Aye, this is sacred soil! and that calm sea
Is where the Incarnate Master wrought His spell.
He looked on those red cliffs, when sunlight fell
On Tabor's heights and blue-waved Galilee.
Where all's replete with His blest memory,
Thronged of Bedouin women meet at Joseph's Well
Their water-skins to fill and idle tales to tell,
And swooping sea gulls hither—thither flee,
The western sun her amber wine doth spill,
The camel's bell sends forth its tinkling tone.
Centuries ago, passed from shore and hill
Those cities proud, that once with splendor shone.
No promise great doth Progress here fulfill—
'Tis night! Storms wake! No voice cries, "Peace
be still!"



DAFFODILS

Before the snow drift melts away,
In darksome earth, from light of day,
Perfumes, in secret, you distill—
O, amber, starry daffodil!

Responsive to the sun's first call,
Your emerald sheaths by garden wall
Peep thro' the mould,—our hearts to fill
With joy,—O, gold-cupped daffodil!

O child of spring, your praises ring;
'Neath swallow's wing your star-bells swing;
By hill and rill, you fragrance spill;
Gladness, you bring, O daffodil!

When gathered by Persephone,
You heard her haunting, parting plea
As she vainly strove 'gainst Pluto's will,
O sunwrought, yellow daffodil!

TWINKLING STAR

“Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are,”
Lips repeated years ago.
White my head, my footsteps slow,
I’ve increased in wisdom’s ways,
Solved deep problems, since those days;
Still I wonder what you are,
As you twinkle, little star.

Orbs, that thro’ vast space revolve,
Man thy secret cannot solve.
Tho’ he’s growing wondrous wise,
Gazes up with baffled eyes.
Seer and prattler, at my knee,
Ask the question still, with me;
Ask in wonder, what you are,
Merry, twinkling, little star.

Brighter growing in dark night,
Fading with the morning light,
Dancing, singing, on thro’ space,
With joyous, shining face,
Thro’ the cycle of the years,
Mystifying sages, seers,—
Yes, we wonder what you are,
Twinkling, shining, little star.

Constellations glimmer,—gleam,
Watching o’er us as we dream.
Poet, soaring ’bove the stars,
Peeping thro’ the moonlight-bars,
Astronomer and child of three,
Help us solve this mystery.
We all wonder what you are
As you twinkle, little star.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME

Eternity! No beginning,—end!
Its depths, we cannot comprehend.
Perpetual Time! stupendous! vast!
At thought of thee, we stand aghast.

It woke from sleep at Creation's call;
Now record keeps as centuries fall.
This will-o'-th'-wisp, in mocking flight,
Slacks not its speed by day or night.

E'er onward, luring with siren song,
Mid evil,—good, that to life belong;
Generations pass; the old,—young,—wise,—
Go down to death—still on, it flies!



THE MINUETTE

On the new polished floor, like chessmen, they're set,
The figure to tread, of the slow minuet.

Down thro' the maze of the dead, dusty years,
In colonial suit, Grandfather appears
In knee breeches, powdered wig, ruffles of lace,
To go thro' the measure of dignified grace.
As fall dulcet sounds, 'neath the violin's fret,
Dull care is there banished, cast out is regret.

In gown of brocade, youthful Grandma is seen.
She's the belle of the hour and steps like a queen.
With beauty and grace her fair cheeks all aglow,
In panner and hoops, she with ease, curtsies low.
The lace, on her bosom fair as a flower,
Might ransom a captive or might a bride dower.
She artfully plays with lace fan;—the coquette!
Grandfather is caught like a moth in a net.

Inspired by the strains of the soft-breathing lute,
They glide to the music of spinet and flute.

Thus, a beau of old times, with love in his glance,
A courtly dame led thro' the slow, stately dance.
A story is woven,—that ever new tale
Which so often is told and never grows stale,—
A beautiful romance they'll never forget,
A memory dear, of the quaint minuet.



FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

Flotsam and jetsam come to all,
The years go on with loss and gain.
Disastrous wrecks are on the sea,
Where storm and calm alternate reign.
Our treasures slip from out our hands,
We see them, on the waves, rush by,
We stretch our hands without avail—
Soon 'neath the current low they lie.

O bootless strife for power,—fame!
O youth and health and peace laid low!
They on the sparkling surface float,
Then 'neath the waters cold they go.
O jetsam sad, of squandered hours,
Sunk 'neath the dark, unfathomed deep—
Some things may rise, but you are gone!
Eternity, lost time will keep.

We stand upon the shore and wait,
We longing gaze beyond the bar,
For flotsam coming back again;
'Tis tossed upon the wave afar.
To gladden and reward our strife,
Some things return upon the tide.
Impov'rish'd soul, in patience wait;
For time is long, the ocean wide.

LIFE, I LOVE YOU

God made the world and saw 'twas good and fair.
Aye, Lord, 'twas good, and life is surely sweet.
But now a breath of poison taints the air
And Death and Sorrow walk on ev'ry street.

On sea and land we find this subtle foe.
He does not spare where joy and pleasure meet.
Like insects in air, we come and go,
Yet life I love, and say it is too fleet.

Earth's joys I love with all my heart and will.
One boon I crave,—long life beneath the sun.
Then may I live in this fair world until
The desert's sands all thro' my hourglass run.



WILD ROSES

Fair eglantine, 'neath prairie sun,
Blooming in beauty wild and free,
Your petals dropping, one by one,
The wanton wind whirls high in glee.
Like you, some souls debarred from pleasure
Are toiling on o'er rugged ways;
Daily giving their heart's treasures
With none to love, to cheer, nor praise.

Mid poisonous weeds in wild woodland,
You breathe your lonely life away;
Far from the reach of loving hands,
None come to pluck you, day by day.
Like you, some souls debarred from pleasure
Are toiling on o'er rugged ways;
Daily giving their heart's treasures
With none to love, to cheer, nor praise.

THE RAILROAD TRAIN

A whistle of warning! A wild whoop and cry!
Gleams in the sunlight a Cyclopean eye;
The Palladium's coming, tramping anigh.
It makes the ground shake; from its dire pathway fly!
Like the great Juggernaut, it rolls on in might—
Slaying its thousands as it rolls day and night—
Sending them down to Eternity's town
With a laugh and a cry, a smile and a frown.

Puff, puff; chee, chee, chee; and another fierce strain,
As nears the locomotive drawing its train;
Lungs of a giant, and a great heart of fire,
Vapory breath, iron hoofs, feet that ne'er tire;
Bearing souls, precious, from ev'ry way station,
Filled with hopes,—fears,—and glad anticipation.
We're going down, down, to Eternity's town
With a laugh and a cry, a smile and a frown.

It waits at the depot, impatient its neigh;
O'er the green prairie, it would fain be away.
Now ominous circlets, it flings on the air.
Equipped for their journey, old, young and fair;
Hands are pressed—fond lips kissed—bell rings
—time to start
“All aboard!” Signal's waved! “Farewell!” Friends
must part.

Thus we go down, down to Eternity's town
With a laugh and a cry, a smile and a frown.

A vast panorama, turned by a hidden hand;
A jumble of limnings pass,—houses—trees—lands;
Thro' valleys, flower-strewn, or over snow ridges;
Thro' state-lines; now slow over treacherous bridges,
High o'er the river's wild billows suspended;
Breathe a prayer—life's journey here may be ended!
We may go down, down to Eternity's town
With a laugh and a cry, a smile and a frown.

Now under the mountain, the cave of black night
Like a grave, it enfolds; still on is its flight,
Immured in the earth-black tewel,—dim tunnel.
We soon will come forth, be poured through a funnel.
Piston, crank, and axle,—let nothing delay—
From darkness Egyptian, launch us into day!
As we go down, down to Eternity's town
With a laugh and a cry, a smile and a frown.

Onward, O dragon! o'er ties and rails of steel,
Clatter on with your freight thro' woe and thro' weal.
At a station again! O come, restless throng,
No time to be lost! Hear the bell—ding, ding, dong!
Be your route western to Pacific's lashed shore,
Or where Plymouth Rock lists Atlantic's deep roar—
You are going down, down to Eternity's town
With a laugh and a cry, a smile and a frown.

A green parrot cries, "All aboard!" thro' steel bars;
A little one whimpers,—afraid of the cars;
Sweet babies, to sleep cuddled, unconscious of fears;
O man, bowing low with your burden of years;
O wife, loved and loving, on your bridal tour;
Happy youths, snowy heads, you all slow and sure
Are going down, down to Eternity's town
With a laugh and a cry, a smile and a frown.

O maiden! southbound, with deep, hectic flushes,
Sparkling eyes, frail form, beware of death blushes!
And seekers of pleasure, with limitless wealth,
Hasten on to that clime of sunshine and health;
Tho' divers missions sway your hearts, one and all,
Time will bring you within one city wall.
You shall go down, down to Eternity's town
With a laugh and a cry, a smile and a frown.

Fly on, thou swift-footed, no danger regard;
No wrecker's obstructions, let our flight retard;
There comes the conductor, in suit of deep blue,
With lantern to show him if all's square and true.
"Wake up! your tickets please!"—Again all is right—
We're nearing a station—soon 'twill be light.
Thus we go down, down to Eternity's town
With a laugh and a cry, a smile and a frown.

On thro' smashups—washouts—danger impending—
The ground 'neath our feet—the sky o'er us bending;
Fire—water—earth—for our ruin contending!
Ever on, ever on, our flight to the ending!
Thro' sunshine, thro' tempest, tornado, and rain,
Night and day, onward sweeps the long railroad
train—
Bearing us down, down to Eternity's town
With a laugh and a cry, a smile and a frown.



LIKE DEW UPON THE ROSE

Mysterious guest come down,
Like dew upon the rose;
On breaking hearts tonight,
O, ward death-dealing blows.
O kind oblivion, come
To eyes that wake and weep;
To forgetfulness, come, lull,
O, blessed, friendly sleep!

Nepenthe thou art ever,
From wounds from Sorrow's dart,
O, poppy-balm that soothes
The wrankling, cruel smart.
O kind oblivion, come
To eyes that wake and weep;
To forgetfulness, come, lull,
O, blessed, friendly sleep!

LIFE'S TIDES

Upon life's sea, my hopes go down;
Sometime the tides that rise and fall
Will bring me back some treasures rare,
Not all are lost beyond recall—
I know that many blessings sweet
Are daily cast before my feet.

Away! O petrels of the storm!
Ill omens you to mortals bear.
Let optimistic thoughts dispel
The blackness of my soul's despair.
I know that many blessings sweet
Are daily cast before my feet.



LOVE SONG OF THE WIND

Flowers were abloom the road along,
The trees were filled with mirthful song;
I looked into her eyes of brown
And scattered cherry blossoms down.
O she was young, and sweet, and fair,
I kissed her lips, her brow, her hair;
O laddie, list and tell me true,
If you had such a chance to woo,
Would you?
Would you?

'Tween lily-pads all wet with dew,
A maiden rowed with eyes of blue.
"I'd float forever here," she sighed,
"With such a lover by my side."
O she was young, and sweet, and fair,
I kissed her lips, her brow, her hair;
O laddie, list and tell me true,
If you had such a chance to woo,
Would you?
Would you?

On saddle gay, with pride elate,
One pattered thro' the palace gate.
She was a princess, fair as day,
And smiled on me with eyes of gray.
O she was young, and sweet, and fair,
I kissed her lips, her brow, her hair;
O laddie, list and tell me true,
If you had such a chance to woo,
Would you?
Would you?

I'm fickle, false, and bold, they say,
And steal the hearts of maids away.
Sad eyes of brown, and gray, and blue
Weep now for me;—I am untrue!
O they were young, and sweet, and fair,
I kissed their lips, their brows, their hair;
O laddie, list and tell me true,
If you had such a chance to woo,
Would you?
Would you?



LIFE IS REAL

Life is not a little cake-walk,
Dancing joyous as we go,
Pilgrims, to the marble city,
'Tis a quickstep or march slow.

Life is not a little carol,
Or a merry roundelay;
'Tis an antiphon, all glorious,
Sounding thro' a fleeting day.

Life is not a little poem,
With a smooth and rhythmic flow;
'Tis no myth or tale of fancy;
Life is real! God willed it so.

TRUST

The ship is in, the storm is past;
Safe at the pier, she's moored at last.
Bear out the plank! They joyous come
To lead the periled loved ones home.
The fierce waves dash in strife below,
Like wrestlers, struggling to and fro;
On cold, gray rocks the white caps toss
As, one by one, the plank they cross.

One by one, they safely go,
With life above,—the grave below,
Swaying, mid-air, 'tween sea and skies.
“Dear little maid, with soft, gray eyes,
Do you not fear, as you pass o'er
From the tossing ship to the welcome shore?”
“O no, I'm not afraid to land,”
Said she, “my brother holds my hand.”



FALSE JEWELS

Who, in his soul's deep casket,
Among his jewels bright,
Has not a gem, imperfect,
He fain would hide from sight?

One with a flaw or blemish
Defying master-skill?—
Nor can the lapidary
Transform it to his will.

Perfection is not earthly;
Things bear a mar or blot.
Some false gem of character,
What king or serf has not?

TWO OF A KIND

A bluebird sat on a garden gate
And near by perched her tuneful mate—
A downy nest in a cherry tree
With wide-mouthed nestlings, one, two, three—
'Twas a sight for pity! All forlorn,
He soon fell with jacket torn.
Came a truant school boy there along
And hushed his trilling, joyous song.
Bang! went a gun. A life cut short!
To see him die was goodly sport.
The boy, he bore no grudge at all—
He shot to see the bluebird fall.

When that boy grew to a soldier true,
He marched and drilled in a coat of blue.
He bade his loved ones a fond "good-bye";
Southward, he went with tearful eye.
At the city gate, he one day stood
With naught to cheer his solitude.
He thought of his children, one, two, three,
As they sat 'round their mother's knee.
Bang! went a gun. A life cut short!
To see him die was goodly sport.
The man, he bore no grudge at all—
He shot to see the bluecoat fall.

Tho' that ruthless ball was lightly sped,
The soldier brave was lying dead.
The love-song, ringing so merrily,
Was quickly hushed fore'er and aye.
Far, far away, 'neath the old rooftree,
Tears are shed in his memory.
His grave's mid cactus-blossoms red;
No stone to mark it, foot or head.
Bang! went a gun. A life cut short!
To see him die was goodly sport.
The man, he bore no grudge at all—
He shot to see the bluecoat fall.

FORGET-ME-NOT

Walking, my flower garden, 'round,
Forget-me-not, I stray by you—
Modest, growing near the ground—
Thoughts sweet and sad this morn accrue.

Ah! low you hold your dainty head,
Lovely, winsome, blue-eyed flower;
I view you in your grassy bed,—
Sapphires and pink pearls, your dower.

'Neath heav'n's blue, begemmed with dew,
A mem'ry comes across the years—
A low, "Forget me not, adieu,"—
Blue eyes suppressing manly tears—

A kiss—a pressure of warm hands—
A whisper low, "O love, be true!"
He sailed away to distant lands;—
Forget-me-not was twined with rue.



GIFTS

For that creamy robe of satin shine
She will give no smile nor grateful sign.
Flowing in grace to the marble feet,
Her dreamless night 'twill not make more sweet.
The marble feet, with their veins of blue,
Clothed in the mockery of 'broidered shoe,—
The rich, laced robe, in which she lies,
Would have brought gladness to waking eyes.
Aye! the gifts thy greedy soul denied,
Her maiden tastes would have gratified.
It matters not now. She does not care
If fragrance of roses fill the air.
It matters not now if hearts, sore, lie
On the heart that yearned for sympathy.

It matters not, to the blessed dead,
If sweet living words, or cold, be said.
The stifled sob, and remorseful tear
Fall for sightless eyes, and cold, deaf ear.
O blind, slow world, why art thou giving
Wealth to the dead?—mites to the living?
O stolid heart, why not demonstrate
In good deeds and words, before too late?
O have to-day kindly thoughts for all—
The long night cometh; its shadows fall.
The heathen worshipper, his wealth brings
To idols of stone and insensate things.
So thou didst wait till a far-off day
And brought gifts of love to soulless clay.
Comes to that dear one, lying in state,
Saddest of all words, "too late! too late!"



SWINGING

Barefooted children idly swing;
Like birdlings soar on airy wing;
With laughter, make the welkin ring.
 Out to the world, they soon will go—
 Swinging high, or swinging low.

To them, life is a holiday;
They know not care, their hearts are gay;
On velvet sward, they blithely play.
 Out to the unknown world they'll go—
 Swinging high, or swinging low.

Out to the cold world they will stray;
Thro' sin and labor, make their way;
"Life is a struggle," they will say.
 Out to the unknown world they'll go—
 Swinging high, or swinging low.

SONG OF THE UNIVERSE

Order and beauty from chaos sprang,
The stars, new born, glad Te Deums sang.
The glorious sun, young moon, and world,
In their mazy dance, thro' space were whirled.
They are dancing,—singing, still today.
Our senses dull, hear not their lay.
Methinks I hear them, as with one voice
They cry, "Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!"

Who taught the planets each place to fill?
Thro' their mystic maze, who leads them still?
Can Nature, or Chance, to a world give birth?
Bow low, O man, to the God of earth!
Can we be wise and this truth deny?
A Power Divine made earth and sky.
Methinks I hear them, as with one voice
They cry, "Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!"



OUTSIDE THE GATE

A spark divine burned in my breast
And gave me sorrow and unrest.
I said, "O friend, I passed you by,—
Ignored your smiling lip and eye.
I was not kind,—my heart rebelled,—
A cordial greeting I withheld.
Forgive me, dear,—I'll come today,—
I've laid all hateful thoughts away."

Outside the gate my steps pass slow;
Silence and peace are with her now.
Kind words and gifts are all in vain;
Remorse, regret with me remain.
Bring not your flowers to ice-cold hands,
Bring love to one who understands.
Hopeless and sad,—disconsolate,
I wait outside the golden gate.

Straight
and tall, from
ancestral wall, its
wise words fall. It
speaks to all.
Time is so
short, some-
thing great in
some moment small,
may you await. The
old, the young,
have passed a-
way, still it re-
peats its ceaseless
lay, "Man is
a vapor, he's
soon gone,
with tic-toc,
tic-toc, I keep
on." To Eter-
nity's shore,
time lightly
goes, stays not
for joys, halts
not for woes.

Listen! listen! heed
now my voice!
The present is
yours,—in it re-
joice. All thro' the
day, all thro' the
night, it keeps count
of time's onward
flight. The household
is sleeping,—tic, tic,
toc,—lulled by the voice of

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

IRIDESCENT, FRAGILE BUBBLE

O light-hearted children blowing
Bright soap-bubbles in the air,
In them, you see no shadows,
Only rainbow-tints are there,
Like a ship, without a rudder,
A balloon afloat in air,
Or an aimless soul, on-drifting
To that misty port, "Nowhere."

Iridescent, fragile bubble,
Buoyant, skimming here and there,
Dancing, sprite-like, o'er the carpet,
Soon collapsing in the air,
So, all earthly joys are fleeting,
The best linger but a day;
Life's delights, some plans and pleasures
Disappoint and glide away.

O Father of love and mercy,
Who this planet hung in air,
We are floating, whirling ever,—
Ah! we know not how, nor where!
Shouldst Thou withdraw Thy guiding hand,
Withhold Thy fostering care,
'Twould, as an empty bubble, burst
In the space of viewless air.



WHIPPOORWILL

What has Willie done today?
At early morn he stole away
From his school, to fish and play.
E'en the birds say, on the hill,—
"Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"
How they echo, "Whippoorwill."

What has Willie done today?
Tho' we plainly told him, "nay,"
He hid his books and stole away.
I hear a voice down by the mill,—
"Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"
Singing, saying,—"Whippoorwill."

What has Willie done today?
Boating, idling time away.
That songster wise, we must obey.
Haste those bird-notes to fulfill.
"Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"
Thro' the dark sounds,—"Whippoorwill."



LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

On mission of mercy, she comes tripping along,
Her blithe heart o'erflowing with light rippling song.
A rapacious foe follows, who seeks to devour.
O guileless maid, to be plucked like a flower!
O trusting ones fair, in the merciless city,
Like little Red Riding-hood, objects of pity!

O pause, little maiden, light hearted, unwary,
His friendship beware; on the way, do not tarry;
To his words, do not listen, beneath the broad oak;
His thirst is as sanguine as dye of your cloak.
O trusting ones fair, in the merciless city,
Like little Red Riding-hood, objects of pity!

O poor, innocent maiden so surely beguiled
To the fangs of the monster from far foothills wild!
On, the stealthy foes patter, they ever creep—
May the good angels guard thee! my pretty ones keep!
O trusting ones fair, in the merciless city,
Like little Red Riding-hood, objects of pity!

“COULDST THOU NOT WATCH
WITH ME ONE HOUR?”

“Couldst thou not watch with me one hour?”

Spake quiv’ring lips unto the three
Who tarried, with their praying Lord,
In the garden of Gethsemane.
Methinks I hear the same sad voice
Asking today, as long ago,
To watch with Him one little hour,—
For Him, some pleasure to forego.

Time is the Lord’s; to us He gives
The circling year,—the fleeting day
With good things filled; yet from His voice,
With selfish hearts, we turn away.
Methinks I hear the same sad voice
Asking today, as long ago,
To watch with Him one little hour,—
For Him, some pleasure to forego.

We say our life is very full—
With business,—care,—we are oppressed;
We banqueted and danced last night,—
We are so weary, we must rest.
Methinks I hear the same sad voice
Asking today, as long ago,
To watch with Him one little hour,—
For Him, some pleasure to forego.

With good, our brimming cup runs o’er;
With time,—love,—gold,—He dost us dower.
To the living fount, no drop returns,
Nor can we watch with Him one hour.
Methinks I hear the same sad voice
Asking today, as long ago,
To watch with Him one little hour,—
For Him, some pleasure to forego.

THE NEW YEAR'S PROMISE

Give me thy wild-wrung hand, O stricken one!
As God loved well, so hath He chastened thee.
Tears dim thy eyes; the way thou canst not see.
With hopeful hearts we'll follow 'round the sun.
'Fore the old year its happy course hadst run,
He gave thee wealth and fame's emblazonry.
Thy heart's red rose he plucked from off the tree—
In one short hour impoverished,—left undone.
Fair fruits of joy I offer, far and wide—
Thou turnest away; thou wilt not take and eat.
From grief awake! rejoice in promise sweet!
Gently, I'll lead down by the crystal tide,
Past many milestones on life's journey fleet,
A measure nearer to thy Love who died.



LOVE,—THE PEARL OF PRECIOUS THINGS

Pause, O beauty, in the dances!
Pearl-encircled throat and head,
Give a thought to those brave Arabs
Who must risk their lives for bread.

Hidden in the sea's dark bosom,
Lying many fathoms down,
Unto thee, they gladly brought them,
For your beauty, a fit crown.

And for thee, O humble, kind one,
Tho' no gold-bought jewels shine,
Living for the good of others,
May the "Pearl of Price" be thine.

Gaze, O maiden, in that casket!
Bridal gift to thee one brings;
Thine the richest of earth's treasures,—
Love,—the pearl of precious things.

ODORS OF LAVENDER

Yes dear, I well remember
When you asked me to wed;
I sat and blushed in silence,
And you too, were so red.

Yes dear, I well remember,
I would not e'en kiss you;
You said I was so distant,
And you were very blue.

Yes dear, I well remember,
A lover, o'er the way
Offered me his millions;—
But he was old and gray.

Yes dear, I well remember,
The jealousy and spleen,—
The monster who brought trouble,—
With eyes of vivid green.

Yes dear, I well remember,
Until I called you back
And told you that I loved you,
You said your path was black.

Yes dear, I well remember,
Tho' years have taken flight,
To church we went together
And I was dressed in white.

Yes dear, I well remember,
('Tis twenty years, I think),
We saw the world revolving
In clouds of rosy pink.



ANNA MORLEY

AUGUSTUS J. GALE

MARRIED SEPTEMBER 28th, 1857

THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT

O placid moon, you look down to-night—
On earth you shed effulgent light—
As when Rome's glory, at its height,
 Was ruled by cruelty and wrong.

Have passed, since then, a thousand years
Fraught with such direful deeds and tears!
Your light to us to-night appears
 As when Cæsar's glory awed the world.

We gaze upon these empty halls,
We wonder at the silent walls,
As low your yellow light now falls
 On marbles lying in the dust.

I think of pagan days of old
When gladiators, in conflict bold,
Met cruel death and martyrs sold
 Their lives for God and conscience sake.

When Christian died, O days of wrong!
With upturned eyes and joyful song;
Fair maidens sat amid the throng,
 With beauty, the arena crowned.

I think of that approving host—
Before me looms each white-robed ghost
Of vestal maid; guards at their post;
 The Emperor on jeweled throne:

See goading spear and glazing eye;
I hear death's last, expiring sigh—
Still on, the golden chariots fly!
 Mid plaudits wild, the show goes on!

BY WIRELESS

The months with their verdure are gone;
Thro' the air the russet leaves fly;
Purple asters, cardinals red,
And golden-rod, wither and die.
"Farewell" is in Nature's book written;
Desolation is hovering near;
On the trees, the flitting birds swarm—
Their pipings come faint to my ear.

A murmur, so vague, undefined;
A deserted nest 'neath my eaves;
Echoes sad, of a parting refrain;
Down, down drift the bright, sodden leaves.
Now birds streak the air in long flights,
Far above the earth's frosty rime;
Their legions are mustered again—
Wings stretched for a far milder clime.

Zigzag 'cross the sky, tracings run—
My favorites speed from my sight;
I hear happy voices no more—
Watch no more their unfettered flight.
They, by wireless telegraphy, send
This message, "We, to the South, fly.
Again, we will come in the spring.
To you and grim winter, 'Good-bye!'"



LOVE GUARDS THE CRADLE

A mother sings a soothing refrain,
Sways she, like a wind-swept willow;
Her knee, the primitive cradle is,
Her breast, the little one's pillow.
Over their heads the green boughs meet;
Lullabys low the winds repeat;
Love rocks the cradle.

A Lapland mother roams the moor,
Tho' beats the tempest fierce and wild;
Upon her back the kat-kin is bound
That closely wraps her snow-nursed child.
It matters not how rude it be—
From northern land to southern sea,
Love makes a cradle.

In palace or cot, it matters not;
In luxury's gay, jewelled swing
Or Scotch peasant's wicker basket,
Their baby natures gladness bring;
In ev'ry land, in ev'ry nation,
From upper life to lowly station,
Love guards the cradle.



WHITE ROSES

Float perfumed zephyrs o'er the lawn;
With song, the maiden's heart o'erflows,
Her cheeks are pink as skies at dawn;
Mid morning dew, she plants a rose.

Flowers, with a bridal robe, are best;
Cover the roots and water well.
Ah! they may grace a marble breast!
Who'll pluck the roses, none can tell.

Springtide passes; June comes apace;
White roses open to the sun.
For her veil of rare old lace,
O may she pick them, one by one.

Yet, ere yon crescent fades away,
Three glowing suns are hung on high.
Day turned to night, and night to day—
On her grave, they withered lie.

THE CITY STREET

Mid the roar and mighty clamor
Of the city's endless strife,
See the human shuttles passing,
Weaving webs of checkered life.

Surging thousands coming—going,
Onward to each special goal,
Urged by motives mystic, hidden,
How the tramp of footsteps roll!

Intertwines the mazy pattern,
Vice and virtue—falsehood—truth!
Weaving morning, weaving evening,—
Childhood, age, and tender youth!

Some are spurred by fame—ambition;
Some must weave alone for bread.
Now the rainbow-colors dazzle,
When by gentle pleasure led.

Crime, red-handed—snowy tracings,
Black-souled evil, filled with strife,
Mingle in the mottled fabric,—
Weave the network we call Life.



THE SAILOR AND THE SEA

O green, turbulent sea! the sailor boy brave,
Whose home is the good ship, whose road is the wave,
Fears not thy billows, as in fury they're borne
O'er his frail bark in strife. He laughs them to scorn.
To him, there is music in thy rolling wave,
Which the storm-wraith sends forth from out his dark
cave.

Tho' in peril he lives on sea evermore,
Safe in the harbor, he forgets dangers o'er.

Is proud of the beauty and fierce, raging storms
That heave thy great waves into fierce, writhing forms;
Tho' dangers surround him, he evermore sings;
He'd not exchange thee for the palace of kings.
To him, there is music in thy rolling wave,
Which the storm-wraith sends forth from out his dark
cave.

Tho' in peril he lives on sea evermore,
Safe in the harbor, he forgets dangers o'er.

He cares not, if over his head mermaids fling
Frail chaplets of seaweed, and pink corals bring;
If the wave be his bier, where birds on the wing
Will his requiem join—with wind and wave sing.
To him, there is music in thy rolling wave,
Which the storm-wraith sends forth from out his dark
cave.

Tho' in peril he lives on sea evermore,
Safe in the harbor, he forgets dangers o'er.



THE UNWELCOME GUEST

I was sitting, O, so happy!
Counting my blessings o'er,
Blithely singing, when there sounded
A loud knock upon the door.
Startled, I obeyed the summons,
Thinking who came now to me.
'Fore me stood an ancient pilgrim
Saying, "I will sup with thee."

When, before me at the table,
Silent, sat my black-robed guest,
And I pondered on his errand,
In my soul was wild unrest.
Then I cried aloud in anguish,
As my glass, brimful, he filled,—
"Let this cup pass from me, Father,
Yea, let Sorrow's wine be spilled."

THE SWINGING GATE

There is a gate that inward swings—
Closing, closing never.
No clicking latch, no harsh sound rings
As it vibrates ever.

Its hinges were forged in paradise,
Disobedience to chastise.
To open wide, a Saviour dies.

No human hand can shut that gate—
It swings early, it swings late!
There, cease all earthly strife and hate.

I hear no tramp of weary feet,
No bugles blow, no war-drums beat,
As armies at this one gate meet.

They come from Persia's coral strand,
Come from the desert's burning sand,
They come a motley, silent band!

A mighty host from mountain side,
From Russia, China, far and wide,
From lands Pacific's waves divide!

Victims of famine where crops fail,
Victims of cyclone, fire, and rail,
Mishaps of ocean, mine, and trail!

Babes, in their innocence, there pass!
Age, with its empty, sandless glass!
It parts the loved—Alas! Alas!

Go saint and sinner, side by side!
Go great of earth stripped of their pride!
To their reward, the true and tried.

Pope—convict—clown—must all await
Their turn beside the golden gate.
Some hasten early, some come late.

The king wears not his jeweled crown;
Nor priest, his cassock, stole and gown;
The rich, there lay their red gold down.

As when they came, poor they must pass—
Worthless their gems as common glass!
Fame's trump will sound like tinkling brass.

A summons comes, they must obey;
All human passions cast away;
Gilt, flimsy baubles down they lay!

Many the paths that lead thereto—
With dustless feet, all must walk thro'.
Be ready, when it swings for you!

O vision dim of clodden mould!
Wisdom, nor Reason, can unfold
All that lies 'yond that gate of gold.

It is God's gate! No eye hath seen
The beauty and the dazzling sheen
That lies beyond the mystic screen.

I know, in distant lands beyond,
Hands will be clasped in friendship's bond—
Nor shall we know earth's dark despond.

Broken hearts be healed forever;
Loved ones meet, no more to sever;
God's children serve Him there forever.

It swings all night, it swings all day—
Swinging, swinging ever!
'Twill swing till earth shall pass away—
Closing, closing never!

THE LONG CHOO-CHOO TRAIN

It waits not for breezes to fill listless sails,
'Tis never becalmed, nor wave-tossed by fierce gales,
Straight to the terminus, thro' fierce equinox,
Without tack or turning, founders not on the rocks.
By sunlight, by moonlight, up grade, over plain,
In triumph, on thunders the long choo-choo train.

Like the Arab's wild steed, we fly o'er the track,
The future before us, the past at our back;
As swift as past scenes thro' the drowning's brain flash,
Thousands of objects 'fore our eyes lightly dash.
By sunlight, by moonlight, up grade, over plain,
In triumph, on thunders the long choo-choo train.

Spires, domes, and chimneys, in a twinkling sweep by,—
Far rooftree. Moist my eyes. From white lips, a sigh.
Night comes and her crescent white hangs in the sky.
Sustained e'er by faith, calm thro' darkness, we fly.
By sunlight, by moonlight, up grade, over plain,
In triumph, on thunders the long choo-choo train.



MY PRAYER RUG

No shoeless Moslem,—'neath the dome
Of gilded mosque, turned eastward there
As he on sacred carpet kneels—
Covets my humble rug of prayer.

No square of art from hand-worked loom;
No plush design from Syrian hand;
Nor Egypt's best,—her silken gift,—
Rich treasure old from Nile-washed land;

No product rare of Persian weave;
No relic prized, from Ispahan,
With colors blending soft and rich;
Mine was not wrought by skill of man.

With willing, contrite heart, I come;
In supplication low, I kneel;
A broken reed bowed by the wind,—
O Master, who can all hearts heal.

My prayer rug's old as time itself,—
An emblem of humility.
In broken pride, I kiss the rod;
In dust and ashes, bend the knee.



IF YOU LOVE ME, TELL ME SO

You are like an April day,
Airy, fairy, little fay.
Like the wind, your fickle mind,
One day cruel, one day kind.
Love and hate must alternate
In your heart, like tides, O Kate!
If you love me, tell me so!
Tell me so!

One day gloomy, one day gay;
The next, you fairly run away.
Why so distant, arch, and cold
When you to my heart, I'd fold?
Leave me not disconsolate,
O my blushing, teasing Kate.
If you love me, tell me so!
Tell me so!

Tho' you seem to have no heart,
I, from you, can never part.
Puzzling ways, O maid, forego.
Tell me "Yes," or tell me "No."
Tell me, dearest, what my fate?
Will you take me, darling Kate?
If you love me, tell me so!
Tell me so!

FUGITIVE THOUGHTS

These mystical midgets, that have birth in the brain,
Fly from Greenland to Queensland over the main,
To the Rhine's turbid waters, to castles in Spain,
And the Matterhorn's summit they lightly attain.

Let them go!
Still their flight,
To and fro,
Day and night.

They have been to the Baltic and Caspian Seas—
Were there ever such rovers, such rovers as these?

Away, away southward, to tropical clime—
Thro' orchards of lemon, orange, olive, and lime;
To the nest of the eagle, they fearlessly climb,
With flight all unmeasured by methodical time,

To far lands
Prolific,
To islands
Pacific,

Their chariot a cyclone, or rose-perfumed breeze—
Do you know of bold rovers much bolder than these?

To the moon, or to planets circling far higher,
To the sun, where our fettered souls may not aspire,
Around Saturn's rings they pass, unscathed thro' fire,
Down, down to the ocean in a twinkling retire.

To the pole,
To the sea,
How they roll!
How they flee!

Were there ever such priv'leged, free rovers as these
In the sky, or wide earth, or beneath the salt seas?

Prison walls cannot keep them, steel chains cannot bind,
Nor can Babel dispel them—these mites of the mind.
Softly up Jacob's ladder with angels they wind—
Fitting emblems of freedom, with course undefined.

Unconfined,
Off they fly!
In the mind,
Peaceful lie.

Now on velvet-shod feet, down the street hasten they—
These rovers, rest scorning, are up and away.

These brownies in dreamland, flit grotesque thro' the
brain—

Was there ever such changeable, elfin-like train?—
Kaleidoscopic in form, joy mingled with pain,
A torn fabric weaving from a frail, tangled skein.

Antics strange!
Mazy way!
Light range!
Mischief play!

Sleep banished, from roaming they no longer refrain—
By the light of the sun, they go flitting again.

You may build you a castle with moat, deep and wide,
With legions of soldiers keeping guard on each side,
Bar the doors, draw the bridge, yet away they will
glide—

They will fly to the loved one, whatever betide.

Carrier doves,
Neath wings, bear
To far loves
Missives fair.

So thoughts fly thro' the sky or over the seas—
Of all the sly wantons the slyest are these.

Like skylarks, they soar; they exalt and they lower;
Our constant companions all thro' life. When 'tis o'er,
Will they faithfully follow to that other shore—
To that home with pearl floor? Will they slip thro'
the door?

Will they go?
For us slave?
Let them flow
'Yond the grave!

Will heaven's jasper walls the rovers confine?
Or will they back to earth, with invisible sign?



ISLE OF SINGING SANDS

(Written in 1912)

In enchanted island, far away,
Washed by Pacific's silver spray;
In desert hot, 'neath tropic skies,
Where fronds of cocoa trees arise;
There summer holds her ceaseless reign
And ever sounds the faint refrain
Of singing, singing sands.

Melodious notes, gay song birds trill;
No discords, nature's measures fill;
There floats the harmony of sound.
Brooklets, gurgling underground,
Repeat the tinkling, drowsy tune
Coming from flinty, shifting dune
Of singing, singing sands.

When my last day draws to a close,
Sweet as the breeze kissed by the rose,
May zephyrs softly round me blow
And rouse my heart from throbbings slow.
Then echoes, vague, will come to me
Across the waves of memory
Of singing, singing sands.

ISLE OF SINGING SANDS

(Written in 1916)

In concert, at Creation's birth,
Nature's voice was heard through all the earth.
Pealed forth the exultant jubilee,
It trembled o'er the new-made sea,
Stars rejoiced and sang together—
You will sing your part forever,
 O singing, singing sands!

Far inland from the ocean's side,
'Yond endless flow of ebb and tide
Sounds the languorous, dreamy tune
Like droning bees at work in June.
What measures sweet arise and swell,
Attuned to distant fairy bell
 Of singing, singing sands.

Yes, well remembered is the strain;
Through ages long, the glad refrain
Has been repeated soft and low,
Wondrous echoes of long ago,
Soothing lullabys on the ear,
Tinkle the rhythmic measures clear
 Of singing, singing sands.

And when there comes the final day,
When, like a child tired out with play
I'd gladly sleep, may I hear the tune
So like the song that mothers croon—
May that last dream be of that shore
Where there is music evermore
 Of singing, singing sands.

THE MAGIC CARPET

Without imagination, man's a clod.

Earth-gyved, with leaden feet that captive makes,
As a wingless bird, he the blue forsakes.

O magic carpet, spread by the hand of God,
Spurning time and space, bridging ways untrod,
Come hither, thither bear o'er mountains; lakes,
To depths unsounded; unscaled heights, where
breaks

Morn's early rays; to where bluebells' nod
Makes earth's fair scenes; Arcadian lands, my own.

Eyes of the soul that see in darkest night,
When that gloom comes that all must brave alone,
Thro' sunless doors, I pass to endless light.
A dream of heaven for poets'—painters'—eyes,
A vision old,—“The Great White Throne,” will rise.



FAR FROM HOME

Father, so far from home am I,
Far from Thy kingly courts on high!
A cord of many colored strand
Thou holdest in Thy loving hand.
It reacheth down and, day by day,
It leadeth, Father, on the way.
I'm winding nearer, day by day;
I know I shall not miss the way.

That cord is “love,” O thread divine!
“Faith” and “belief” in it entwine.
No clouds of doubt encompass me,
'Twill lead me on to heav'n and Thee.
It reacheth down and, day by day,
It leads me farther on the way.
I'm winding nearer, day by day;
I know I shall not miss the way.

MARCHING

Homage, to the brave old veterans,
Reverently we give today;
As they meet in grand reunion,
I think of days, long passed away,
When, a bride, I saw them going,
So promptly, at their country's call,
How those men, unselfish,—dauntless,
Gave sturdy manhood, friends, home,—all.
They are marching,—marching,—marching,
So promptly, at their country's call.

Now their feet so slowly falter,
With moistened eye, I see them come;
How the tattered flag now flutters,—
Down the street sounds fife and drum.
There's a clutching at my heartstrings
As now, the battered lines I view;
"O, how those ranks have aged," I say,
"And how feeble, gray, and few."
They are marching,—marching,—marching,
Tho' so feeble, gray and few.

I forget that I've been marching,
Keeping step with the blue and gray;
I have had my tears and battles,
Nor have I stopped upon the way.
I forget that I am nearing
That other land, where conflicts cease;
With those soldiers we're all marching
On to the realm of endless peace.
We're all marching,—marching,—marching,
On to the realm of endless peace.

WHEN THE CRICKET DRAWS HIS BOW

When the white owl flaps his wings
'Neath the scrubby oak-tree's shade,
Then the bass-like measure rings,
Sounds the distant serenade.
 Where tale-telling daisies grow
 And the milkweed's feathers blow,
'Neath the firefly's wee lamp's glow,
 There the cricket draws his bow.

When the moon is shining bright,
 Then the rasping strains begin;
Colored minstrel of the night
 Playing on his violin.
 Fairies come on tripping toe,
 Whirling, swaying, to and fro;
 Only pleasure, joy, they know
 When the cricket draws his bow.

Flitting thro' the pearl-strewn mead,
 Skipping thro' the strawy stubble,
To the silent yard they speed—
 (Only man doth borrow trouble)
 Dancing on the graves they go;
 What care they who lies below;
 Merry elves, they shout, "Ho! ho!"
 When the cricket draws his bow.



MY DREAM

With turrets and towers, the castle-walls rise
In luminous tropics, beneath balmy skies.
 Around its fair head rosy clouds of mist sail,
 Folding my vision in enchantment's fair veil.
 Aye, who would not live in a castle so fair?
 A castle of dreams,—a castle in air?

Sweet odors, thornless roses, down to me fling;
From cups of pure nectar, sip bees shorn of sting;
Animated pansies, with butterfly breath,
Exultantly float, freed from mildew and death.
Aye, who would not dwell in a castle so fair?
A castle of dreams,—a castle in air?

Soft fairy-like fingers, in mystic maze, spun
Its curtains from fugitive rays of the sun;
Rare pictures, ideal, hung on opaline walls;
From viol and harp, dulcet harmony falls.
Aye, who would not dwell in a castle so fair?
A castle of dreams,—a castle in air?



DAN CUPID

I know a funny, dapper man
And his given name is Dan.
He is the oldest one on earth—
In young Eden, he had his birth.
He slyly ogles, smiles, and sighs—
There is mischief in his eyes—
Now he is luring me—even me, even me!

The friend of the wise and the stupid
Is he we call "Dan Cupid."
He is a huntsman too, I trow,
So skillful with his ready bow!
Many a stubborn, wilful heart,
He has pierced with well-aimed dart—
He has wounded even me—even me, even me!

When it is hot or fiercely snows,
He spends little thought upon his clothes,
Nowaday, he plots such trouble,
Marriage oft bursts the bubble—
Yet many young, old, staid, and gay,
He makes captive every day.
Now he has caught me—even me, even me!

WRECKED PEACE

As 'round the rock amid the sea,
So 'round me waves of conscience roar;
Whilst mem'ries of the past arise,
Wrecked peace will beat forevermore.
Nay, put repinings far away!
Away with sorrows and regret!
What use to grieve, when joy is near?
I'll rise above the dark sea yet.

'Tis better far, to courage have.
Each fortune lost, each sad mistake
Should guide us on to wiser ends,
A means of future good should make.
Back o'er the past, we cannot sail—
Begin today a nobler life!
Experience warns—we may go on
Armed better for temptation's strife.

We'll sink our freight of leaden woe,
Run up our flag to topmost height,
Patch our torn sails, the rigging splice,
A plank or two will make all right.
Our opened eyes will see afar,—
Sail on, O ship! the harbor make!
The rock you struck on yesterday,
We'll spurn, far from our snow-wreathed wake.



ANEMONE, REVEAL TO ME

With our near-sighted eyes,
We would some secrets read
That heav'n to us denies.
O wild windflower, that grows
Upon her lonely grave,
A secret now disclose.
Anemone! a mystery
Reveal this day to me.

You guard this grassy spot
And hear me call her name;
You know she answers not.
Does her spirit wander here,
When all around is still
And moon and stars appear?
Anemone, death's mystery
Reveal this day to me.

Does she no message bring
For aching hearts at home?
No healing offering?
"Mourn the living, not the dead,"
The windflower answered low,
"Here they sleep in peace," she said.
Anemone! Anemone!
You have comfort given me.



THE FROST KING'S BRIDE

On, on she fled, where the tempest raged wild;
Homeless was she, a poor, friendless child,
A motherless lamb astray from the fold;
Rough was the way and bitterly cold.

In jeweled white robe, a bold suitor came;
He kissed her cold lips and called her by name.
He said, "I'm the Frost King, O be my bride!
Come in your beauty, creep close to my side.

"You never shall know the harsh world's disdain,
Sickness nor sorrow,—poverty—pain."
He kissed her again, her life-blood congealed;
Her lips, from their plaint, forever were sealed.

Tho' the aged ruler was quiet and cold,
He, the maid took from sorrow untold.
The bride of the Frost King, safe in his arms,
She rests from trouble. Now nothing harms.

THE COMPASS-FLOWER

A starry, yellow compass-flower
Blooms on the prairies west.
To doubting travelers on the way,
It proves a guide the best.

To the north, its green leaves ever turn,
As the needle to the pole.
O'er crooked paths, our way directs
On to the destined goal.

There is a golden compass-flower
That blooms in every heart.
That flower is *conscience*, magnet true,
And *reason* is the chart.

Star-led, the wise men followed on
To where the Savior lay;
So will this magnet draw to Him,
If we will but obey.

If follow'd where it ever points,
'Twill lead in wisdom's ways;
Tho' straight and narrow path it takes,
And crowns, with joy, our days.



A ZEPHYR THAT SLEEPS IN THE HEART OF A ROSE

Who taps at the lattice? knocks at the door?
Who rattles the blind and creaks o'er the floor?
Aye, whistles and shrieks the chimney adown?
Takes a whirl with the leaves withered and brown?
The zephyr that sleeps in the heart of a rose,
A Sampson roused, to a hurricane grows,

The trillium sways in yon woodland lot;
Fills white flowing sails of fast-flying yacht;
Bears on its bosom our star-enwrought flag;
Stirs eaglets' feathers, on far rocky crag;
The zephyr that sleeps in the heart of a rose,
A Sampson roused, to a hurricane grows.

Who rocks the nestlings so soft on the trees?
It is the mild wind, the langorous breeze.
They are deceivers! They may rise up in wrath—
Death and destruction may sow in their path.
The zephyr that sleeps in the heart of a rose,
A Sampson roused, to a hurricane grows.



MARY JANE

I'm going to buy a ring
With sets of rarest pearl;
Then I'll take unto my heart,
A real old-fashioned girl.
My Mary Jane is very plain
But she is good and sweet.

She is useful everywhere—
She darns and makes and mends,
For her baby sister cares,
The brood on her depends.
My Mary Jane is very plain
But she is good and sweet.

She is so frank and cheerful,
She's sensible and wise—
Then let those fair maids dazzle
With their loving, luring eyes!
My Mary Jane is very plain
But she is good and sweet.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Time havoc makes! His works I view—
The sweetest home I ever knew
Is all despoiled. The dead look out
From broken windows. No glad shout
Is heard from children as they come
On flying feet. Here joy is dumb.
The chimney throws no ruddy gleam.
Winds sigh and say, "Life is a dream."

The golden-rod stands straight and tall
Beside the moss-grown garden wall.
Plantain weeds and yellow dock
Are crowding out the hollyhock.
The stagnant well is running dry.
The sagging roof soon low will lie.
No more, anear its shattered crest,
The hooting owl will build its nest.

Phantom forms pass in review.
A score of ghosts come trooping thro'.
The loved and lost we held so dear,
Are memories that revel here.
Upon the creaking, dusty floor,
Spirits are circling evermore.
They dance and sing and cry, "Away!
We are the tenants of decay."



UNCONQUERED

O man, most potent is your will,
God-like to plan, strong to fulfill,
Your hand transforms the land and sea;
The lightning bows at your decree.

When orbs will darken, you may tell.
No prophet, seer, nor sibyl's spell
Can, from the future's unsealed lips
Wrest when will fall woe's dark eclipse.

When, on the heart, the sun shines bright,
Or in the hush of darksome night,
Sure, wisdom,—pow'r,—nor iron will
Could not arrest this shaft of ill.

How vain to strive! how weak your hand,
When, face to face with him, you stand—
Invader dire, that dreaded foe
Whom mortal man can ne'er o'erthrow!

He will fore'er the victor be
'Till heav'n withdraws its just decree.
O, boastful man, life is a breath!
Vict'ries you'll gain, but not o'er Death.



LITTLE BROWN JUG

Little brown jug, with shiny face,
Ills manifold, in you we trace.
Father's delight, tho' his downfall;
A curse to Adam's race,—aye, all.
Little brown jug, little brown jug,
Who'll answer for the graves you've dug?

Down in your depths a serpent lies
With deadly fang and ruddy eyes.
It bites the tippler—stupor creeps;
It deadens conscience—honor sleeps.
Little brown jug, little brown jug,
Who'll answer for the graves you've dug?

Little brown jug, a mortgage lies
Safe from the gaze of prying eyes.
The cozy home we love so well,
May go the tempter's gains to swell.
Little brown jug, little brown jug,
Who'll answer for the graves you've dug?

Year after year,—day after day,
An army falls upon the way.
Manhood, youth, your pleasures crave.
It chains them, body, soul—a slave.
Little brown jug, little brown jug,
Who'll answer for the graves you've dug?



CUI BONI

Tho' he was crooked, old, and gray,
He castles built, as in youth's day.
 With each new year,
 He schemes renewed
And grew more selfish,
 Hard, and shrewd.

Ere prepared to live, called to die—
With no kind friends nor kindred nigh!
 'Twas hard to part
 With earthly gain.
 “Not yet! Not yet!”
 He cried in vain.

He owned estates of grand old trees,
With branches rippling to the breeze;
 Broad acres,
 Smiling in the sun;
Flowerly fields,
 Where plow ne'er run.

What use all this to Cræsus now?
His portion's but a paltry show,—
 A mound of earth,
 In a lone retreat—
A narrow strip
 From head to feet.

BIDE A WEE AND DINNA WEARIE

A little Scotch girl when asked the definition of the word "patience," answered,—“Bide a wee and dinna wearie.” (Wait awhile and do not get weary.)

Patience is a gift most useful.

Thro' the changing years of life,
Many days may come into it

Filled with trial and with strife.

Bide a wee and dinna wearie;

Jog along, my little dearie;

Sing your song that is most cheerie;

Then the way will not be drearie.

Courage is not learned by dreaming;

Nor patience staid, by eyes that weep.

Step by step, you'll gain the summit,

Tho' the way is long and steep.

Inch by inch, you must plod onward,

If you'd gain your heart's desire.

Greatest things are gained by striving;

Do not let your weak feet tire.

Patience will unlock great treasures

Of the hand and busy brain.

By strong efforts—great persistence—

You may wondrous things attain.

Bide a wee and dinna wearie;

Jog along, my little dearie;

Sing your song that is most cheerie;

Then the way will not be drearie.

THE PORTRAIT

A friend said, "I'll show you
A gem on the wall—
One rarer, more precious,
Than any or all
That the 'White City' graced;
Of value untold;
A portrait—a likeness,
Framed richly in gold—
Of a woman discreet,
To faults dumb and blind,
Who ne'er repeats scandals
Of poor womankind."
With anticipation,
I went to the spot
Where the wonder was hung.
The portrait, I saw not.
Like nursery-rhyme cupboard,
The frame, it was bare,
Nor canvas, nor drawing
Of fair face, was there.
Then sadly I questioned,—
"In all earth below,
Does no woman speak praise
Of her sex, that we know?"
Now the bold charge refute!
Sister and mother,
Let love move your lips!
Speak well of each other!



A RIDDLE

Merry, bonny, brown-eyed Bess,
Little one with golden tress,
With your innate waywardness,
You're a riddle hard to guess.

Merry, bonny, brown-eyed Bess,
With your dainty loveliness,
I shall never love you less,
Tho' a riddle hard to guess.

Merry, bonny, brown-eyed Bess,
Who, your spirits would repress?
I would laud you, I would bless,
Tho' a riddle hard to guess.

Merry, bonny, brown-eyed Bess,
Tho' you spurn my light caress,
Me, you love—but won't confess;
This the riddle, I can guess.



JUST A STEP TO SLUMBER-TOWN

Hush! your mother knows you're weary.
Close your eyes and cuddle down.
You will sleep in peace, my dearie,
When you enter Slumber-town.

Hug your dollie. Drop your rattle.
Little ills, let slumber drown.
Stop your cooing and your prattle,
You're a step from Slumber-town.

Hark! The wind and rain are vying.
Blackest night has settled down.
Lightning strikes! The oak is lying—
Ancient landmark of the town.

Soundly in her cradle sleeping,
No breath stirs her snowy gown;
Broken-hearted, I am weeping;—
Baby's gone to Slumber-town.

OLD LACE

Bring from their hiding-place laces rare—old,
Of fabulous price and yellow as gold.
The nun with pure thoughts, a prayer, and a sigh,
Thro' puzzling meshes, lets deft fingers fly.
With bobbin and pillow, some toil for bread;
In dampness—darkness, they ply the frail thread.
Except on their work, no bright ray is shed;
Bereft of all joy, they toil thro' the years;
That others may smile, they weave thro' their tears.
'Tis a problem unsolved, a riddle unguessed—
Why some are cursed, while others are blessed.
Bring from their hiding-place laces rare—old;
Odors of Araby lurk in each fold.
Bring the veil worn by the fair, happy bride;
The christ'ning robe too,—the young mother's pride.
Gone are those days! In the attic's dim shade
Is a cradle, with curtains by spider-skill made.
Frailest and finest, the gossamer thread
Which is over the clover's crimson tufts spread;
It gleams on the rose-tree, star-wheel, and whorl—
The lace of the spider sprinkled with pearl.
Nature against art will ever hold sway;
As it wrought in far Eden, it weaves today;
'Twill use the same pattern forever and aye.
Bring forth the heirlooms from quaint cedar chest
With its carved dragons and old-family crest;
Bring from their hiding-place laces rare—old;
Perfumes of Araby, shake from each fold;—
Grandmother's cap, worn with unconscious grace;
Fichu and kerchief and flounce of point-lace;
The sweet baby-cap with ruffle and bow—
Treasures and relics laid by long ago—
Gone with the hum of the old spinning-wheel,
The clang of the loom, the click of the reel.
Bring from their hiding-place laces rare—old;
Christening robe, veil of value untold;
Sanctified memories they, for us, hold.



ANNA MORLEY GALE AT THE AGE OF 22
FROM AN OLD DAGUERRETYPE, TAKEN IN 1858

IN MY ATTIC

I climb the garret stairs once more
To ponder, and the past recall;
O sacred memories of youth!
For vanished joys, the tear-drops fall.
Ghosts of dead days come trooping thro';
Scenes long ago pass in review.

Within this chest, a bridal veil,
A trailing robe, a fan of pearl,
Cinderella-slippers, silken hose,
An orange wreath, a yellow curl,
Hid, from the strangers' prying gaze,
Are relics of past, happy days.

Here, long assigned to solitude,
A little crib, once draped with blue;
Before my baby's dainty bed,
Spiders now weave a curtain new.
An angel, now grown old in grace,
She meets the Master, face to face.

Telling of comfort,—yuletide-glow,—
An andiron set, a spinning wheel,
Things obsolete,—of fashion old,
From spinet quaint to fractured reel;
A portrait,—a colonial dame,—
With canvas torn, and crackled frame;

Hung from the rafters, over there,
A rusty sword, a scimitar,
A cracked guitar, a candlestick,—
Discarded things of peace and war,—
Here a wee cap, a pink kid shoe
With buttons gone and toe worn thro';

A miser may not covet them;
And others, them, may worthless deem;
Keepsakes of gladness and of woe
You stories tell, and thus I dream.
Twilight deepens, I sadly go;
Things of the past, I love you so.



THE UNDYING ART

When through Eden's fair shade humanity strayed,
The curtain rolled up on the primitive stage—
Love, envy, remorse, and revenge held full sway—
Conflicting emotions didst wrangle and rage—
The passions are old as the throbs of the heart.
All hail to the drama—the undying art!

From that beautiful garden, down through the years,
As the perfume of musk came down to our flowers,
From Creation's first parents, who fallible proved,
Those passions descended to us and to ours.
On the great stage of life, we all take a part—
Though none can read truly what lies in each heart.

Many stars circle high in the theater's sky,
Oft on life's real stage, a good actor appears.
On that stage and its mimic, we're hurried through
Tragedy, comedy, song, laughter, and tears;
Are applauded or hissed as each plays his part.
Oft tinsel and paste hide a poor broken heart.

When the drama is ended and I have gone home
And the music is silent to my deafened ear,
My costume a shroud—may an angel appear
And whisper these lines o'er my pulseless heart—
"All through life's shifting scenes, she played well
her part."

YOU NEVER CAN RAVEL IT OUT

O ocean of immensity!
O boundless gulf, Eternity!
We go but once adown life's track,
Nor can we ever journey back.
Do you know, little girl, as the days go by
You are knitting a web, as your needles fly?
The web of life? O weave with care!
Create a fabric sweet and rare
 For you never can ravel it out,—
 Ravel, ravel it out, little girl.

The Lord a pattern didst provide.
O keep it ever by your side
And follow, faithfully and true,
The great design He gave to you.
O leave no room for vain regret
By deeds that your young life may fret.
Choose you the thread with eyes discreet
And keep the work all pure and sweet
 For you never can ravel it out,—
 Ravel, ravel it out, little girl.

Knit well,—have care,—pure colors blend
So it may please unto the end.
Kind words each day, weave in apace.
Let no dark lines the work deface.
When, at the last, it is unrolled,
O may it gleam with white and gold.
Then, unlike the sad Penelope,
You'll view it with complacency,
 For you never can ravel it out,—
 Ravel, ravel it out, little girl.

BLOSSOMS FOR LIFE'S WREATH

A fadeless garland I would weave—
A conqueror's perfect crown—
Cast poisonous blossoms down,
Pluck out the base, no ill weeds leave.

Humility, a modest flower
That close cuddles to the ground,
Fragrance wafts all sweet around
In its mossy, woodland bower.

Of *Contentment* sweet, some sprays I'd bear,
Flowers we carelessly pass by—
Crushed beneath our feet they lie,
Though they are treasures all should wear.

And *Truth*, no giant foot can grind
Nor can drought nor dire frost kill,
I'll bring from the sun-tipped hill—
Place for the blossom white I'll find.

Faith, with far-seeing, trusting eye
That believes, though it be blind—
In the garland I will bind
Its blossoms, azure as the sky.

Hope, the flower that sad hearts hold—
Star that blooms 'mid life's turmoil,
Springing from impoverished soil
All crimson and purple and gold;

And *Charity*, whose lavish will
Broadcast flings with gen'rous hand
Her yellow gold through all the land,
In grassy nook, o'er field and hill;

Love, fragrant blossom of the breast,
The soul deep-dyed crimson rose
That along life's pathway grows—
The red, red blossom we prize best;

Friendship, with tendrils reaching down
To enclasp some kindred vine;
With reverence, I would twine
In this Christian conqueror's crown.

Then gather, from life's garden fair—
Better than king's coronet
Or laurels that may chafe and fret—
These lasting blooms that all may wear.



RED CLOVER

Broke roseate morn with sun shining brightly.
To dew-empared field, with heart beating lightly,
Gayly whistling and singing,—startling the plover,—
Went Willie the brave, where grew the red clover.

Obscured was the sun, with the mist of the heart;
The land was imperiled!—Ah, loved ones must part!
Then came the wild cry, "To arms!" the land over.
He stayed not to spread the new-sickled clover.

With rifle and knapsack, in uniform blue,
Where hummed the wild bee, he bade Bessie adieu.
Down in the meadow, the bronzed, loyal lover
Snatched nectar pure from lips like red clover.

Thro' woodland and field, from marches so dreary,
Soundly he slumbered, disheartened, and weary.
The army encamped 'neath star-wrought tent-cover;
The ground was his bed,—his pillow, red clover.

Of Bessie—fragrant pastures—so deep his dream,
He heard not war's discords, nor saw its red gleam—
They were searching the meadow, over and over,
For Fate's little seer,—four-leaved, lucky clover.

Victory cometh as the guerdon of pain;
Columbia sorrows for her wounded and slain;
Aye, sprinkled with hearts' blood, over and over,
Deep was the red of his pillow of clover.

SEA MOODS

Like a giant at rest, throughout the still night,
Thou hast passively lain beneath the moon's light.
Where, on thy bosom, can my sailor boy be?
Thou answerest me not, O reticent sea!

A perfect calm lies on thy broad, blue expanse;
No wavelet ripples where bright sunbeams dance;
In thy dazzling beauty you whisper to me
Of a brave sailor boy, O gay, sparkling sea!

White-crested billows, the boulders defying,
Like foes to the combat, onward are flying.
New power to regain, they back again flee,
Still wrestling and struggling, O garrulous sea!

Thy billows are black as the sky overhead;
Winds aimlessly wander like wraiths of the dead.
To the god of the tempest, rises my plea—
O emblem of grandeur! O powerful sea!

Now art thou terrible, awakened in wrath;
Woe and wreck to the ship that crosses thy path!
Perchance, 'neath thy waters, my sailor boy be—
Sank whispering my name, O treacherous sea!

Now drearily, wearily, pass the hours by;
Enthroned on the rocks, I consult sea and sky,
Watching and waiting, like a sad Niobe,
For my sailor boy brave, O dim, misty sea!

Irradiating from golden-red setting sun,
On thy placid waves, are myriad beams spun.
A white sail is bringing my love back to me—
His ship's homeward bound, O bright, happy sea!

THE PEARL-FISHER

“Allah! Allah! Save thy children
From the monsters of the deep!”
Prays the priest, devoutly kneeling
From pink morn 'till shadows creep.
Down he goes, all empty handed;
Poverty and toil his dower;
Perchance rises, fortune-laden,
Poor and rich in one short hour.

“Allah! Allah! Guard thy children
On the shores of Araby!”
Pray the swarthy, brave pearl-fishers
Ere they dive beneath the sea.
Down he goes, all empty handed;
Poverty and toil his dower;
Perchance rises, fortune-laden,
Poor and rich in one short hour.

Merry, merry, brave pearl-hunters
Grasp the strong line overhead;
Think of cot, among the palm trees,
Wife and wee ones must be fed.
Down he goes, all empty handed;
Poverty and toil his dower;
Perchance rises, fortune-laden,
Poor and rich in one short hour.

Amulet of bone and amber,
On which blessings have been said,
Gird his arms and neck, him shielding
As he seeks the coral bed.
Down he goes, all empty handed;
Poverty and toil his dower;
Perchance rises, fortune-laden,
Poor and rich in one short hour.

DEATH

Insatiate one! eternal, boundless sea!
O ruthless tide that lavest every shore,
Crying for prey, like fabled Minotaur!
Countless millions are swallowed up by thee
From year to year, and still thy greedy plea,
Like Mammon's god, is unceasing,—“More!”
Grieving, I say whilst listening to thy roar,
“Earth hath no refuge whither man may flee.”
I gather shells, nor note the swift hours glide;
Weary, I pause—Ah! then I heed the call
Of restless currents rushing at my side.
When these cold waves shall leap life's fortress wall,
These baubles poor, and all I have beside,
I'll leave on shore, when outborne by the tide.



A PRESSED FLOWER

From the Coliseum's floor terrine
I plucked thee, flower of golden sheen—
Of my trophy, proud as any queen—
Inspirer thou of many thoughts!

No protecting roof, the raindrops shed;
No awning of purple silk was spread;
Beneath heaven's blue, you held your head
In sunshine and in beating storm.

How my being thrilled with nervous fear
As I slowly to the pit drew near
And saw spectres rise—those days appear
When slaughter made Rome's holiday.

As over the grass-grown cell I bent,
Where once paced wild beasts with wrath impent,
A grateful voice to heaven was sent
That Mercy ruled in Nero's place.

Wee, winsome flower with golden head,
A blush should have left your blossoms red,
Tears, like the rain from heaven, been shed
 In memory of those captives slain.

O little flower from blood-stained loam!
O fragile sprite from foreign home!
You whisper of martyrs—ruins—Rome—
 Tho' in world-love, your lips are dumb.

We've long been friends, O simple weed,
E'er constant boon in time of need,
You mark the page as oft I read
 Of mercy, love, in Book divine.



I AM SO GLAD 'TIS MORNING

Restless, I toss on bed of pain—
Yet from complaint my lips refrain.
O where art thou, O blessed sleep?
For all alone, I vigils keep.
The elves of discord come at night
And vanish with the morning's light,
Our troubles seem to lighter grow
Beneath the sun's effulgent glow;
Comfort, my pillow all night scorning,
Enfolds me, and I'm glad 'tis morning.

At last, the dawn is breaking clear—
I hear the crowing chanticleer!
Wheels in the streets are all astir
And sounds of life again awhirr.
Birds sing beneath my window pane
And children's voices sound again;
God's great elixir's in the air—
And over all the breath of prayer.
Now sloth, the rested mass is scorning—
I'm so glad, so glad 'tis morning!

When life's dark night has rolled away
And shadows dark refuse to stay,
Doubt and distrust will vanish quite,
And elves of discord take their flight.
The eastern sun will grandly rise
To lead me forth where rapture lies.
As it rolls up, in red and gold,
I will go forth with joy untold.
No more life's ills will I be scorning—
I'll say, "I'm glad, so glad 'tis morning!"



THE RIVALS

Upon his steed of rapid flight,
The tented field he left that night;
Tomorrow would be the wedding morn
Of one unto the manor born.

What sound heard he, as he drew near,
That filled his soul with terror?—fear?
Instead of merry wedding bell
He heard the toll of funeral knell.

He flew o'er moat, thro' castle gate,
A sentinel cried, "You come too late!
Came a conqueror in advance
With muffled drum,—inverted lance."

Lay down the sword and bend the knee
To him who rules the earth and sea.
What is love that cannot shield
Its own on life's broad battle-field?

BURNING OF THE WORLD

God called it good when done,
World magnificent!
Rushing thro' the ages—
Thro' space with force impent;
A sun to light by day—
A moon to shine by night,
Stars that dance and sing
And give their lesser light;
Seas whose waves have rolled
In tumult and in peace,
Canyons' pictured-walls
Where wonders never cease,
Falls and forests—geysers—
Jungles deep and wide,—
How small is man, O earth,
Standing by thy side!
Stupendous thou art
From mountain to the sea,
Yet in God's crucible
Soon thy beauties flee
When by His wrath, o'er earth
Fire is fiercely driven—
Fall His works and man's,
Like oaks by lightning riven.
A million fiery forms,
Lashed to fury, sweep
Thro' the consuming land
And great boiling deep;
Wild beasts moan—birds cry,
Unto man appealing—
Agonies of flesh—
Throes of sense and feeling!
A wail of human pain
Reaches heaven's throne,

Soon all blackened lies—
 Life and frail beauty gone;
 Silent birds—dead flowers—
 No color save blood-red—
 Fire leaps from topmost bough
 To each fibrous bed.
 Fierce the flames roll on—
 Great trees like tinder burn—
 Century-grown oaks shrivel
 Like the withered fern.
 From fissures of the rocks
 Runs the molten ore—
 That for which man strove,
 For which his soul scars bore.
 Iron, gold, and silver,
 Flow in mottled mass—
 Earth from out her bosom
 Lets her treasures pass;
 Diamonds, sapphires, pearls,
 That precious hidden store,
 Like pebbles on the beach lie
 Coveted no more.
 Red tongues lap up streams
 To quench their awful thirst;
 'Round the poles, miles of ice
 From their moorings burst;
 Icebergs, that time defied,
 Melt with its glowing breath,
 Like frost beneath the sun—
 On sweeps the torch of death!
 Voids smoke
 Where water from seething ponds retires,
 Like an empty kettle
 On a deserted fire.
 On desert sand and plain
 Plays a ruddy gleam;

Rivers, gulfs, and bays,
Go up in clouds of steam.
Ætna views her rival
With wonder and with fear,
With throbbing heart
Vesuvius sees the fire near;
Niagara trickles down
Like a summer brook,
Canyons fold together
Like a red-covered book.
Mountains become plains,
Beauty, grandeur gone;
Sand dissolves like salt—
The giant old stalks on!
Seas go up in steam,
On planets far, perchance
To descend in rain.
Slower the flames advance.
Rocks smelt, ruins smolder.
Oft from coal beds deep
Gases ignite; skyward
Crimson serpents leap.
O gift Promethean,
Down from heaven brought!
With a curse or blessing,
Was thy mission fraught?
The world where Nature
Makes no mistakes, no loss,
Is burned! In the crucible
There remains but dross—
A star less in the heavens
Where it shone so late,
Vanished like a ball
A child throws in the grate.

NEARER HOME

What does the clock say, with its rhythmical tick?
Pendulum vibrating with measure so quick?
Ne'er weary, complaining with monotonous song,
What does it tell us, as the wheels jog along?
"One notch nearer, one notch nearer,
One notch nearer home."

What says the pulse, throbbing faster or slower,
Like the beating of waves on tempest-swept shore,
With crimson tide turning the mill-wheel of life,
Nor day, nor night stopping, thro' pleasure or strife?
"One beat nearer, one beat nearer,
One beat nearer home."

This mystical clock, in life's morning, 'tis wound.
Some day the springs will snap; wheels cease to go
'round.
Some day our hearts will stop—be the time short or
long—
Hushed forever, will be its rhythmical song—
"One throb nearer, one throb nearer,
One throb nearer home."

O, they come and they go, like waves at our side.
Ev'ry second, a soul floats out on Death's tide.
In distant lands, near us, on sea or in town,
Somewhere a worn clock, in the wide world, runs
down—
One tick nearer, one tick nearer,
One tick nearer home.

Over here, we live on, with heart-beat and song.
Years have gathered, o'er there, a numberless throng.
A boatman will bear us to that gentle clime,
On Lethe's dark river, his oars will keep time—
One stroke nearer, one stroke nearer,
One stroke nearer home.

MILESTONES

How fast dear grandma childish grows!

Little children stop their play,
Whisper softly, then laughter flows.

“Second childhood, ’tis,” I say.

“Her mind and body have kept pace.”

Things are not the same today—

Once she lived in far-off place

Where, all around her, forests lay.

She saw wild beasts slain, woods hewn down,

Red men prowl—many dangers.

While progress builded city, town;

She and toil were not strangers.

Maids, in those days, were blossoms rare,

Modest, fair of form and face;

Sweet to gather, and sweet to wear

Thro’ the long year’s fitful pace.

To-day she dreams in her armchair;

Milestones, she has passed apace!

She now is old who once was fair—

Bears the signet on her face.

Gentle zephyrs, from the window,

Scatter rose-leaves on her hair;

’Round her reverently they blow

As in whiteness, they compare.

Along her heart, a stillness creeps;

No glad shouts her slumber breaks,
And now an angel vigil keeps—

Deep the sleep that grandma takes.

Methinks I hear a glad sweet voice,—

“For the Kingdom you have striven,

Now you are young again, rejoice!

As a child, you enter heaven.”

THE BRIDGE

With tight-clinched hands and threatening brow,
Cried I, "Curse him! to this blow I'll ne'er bow!"
He has robbed,—aye, wronged me without measure;
Seized my hoarded gold,—my hard-earned treasure;
Goods and lands transferred, bought by bitter toil;
Sacrifices of years mid life's turmoil.
Am I his slave, that I must yield my health,
My youth, to fill his coffers? swell his wealth?
Content not, slander adds to his foul crime;
My name, in malice, paints with blackest grime.
"Curse him! tho' from heaven, the planets fall,
I'll not forgive!" cried I, courting sleep's thrall.
On thorny pillow I tossed. To my bed
Sleep came and placed his hand upon my head;
Soothed my brow; cooled the lava in my veins;
With Lethean water, washed away tear stains.
Swift his twin brother followed him, methought;
Pallid, with icy breath, his cold hand sought
My brain, my heart, with deepest meaning fraught.
My earthly shackles fell. Onward my flight
Till afar I beheld the dawning light.
Submissively went I toward that shore
Where down the horizon's rim, seen no more,
Drop many a sail; nor wreck, nor corpse back drifts;
No waif tells mystic tales, nor curtain lifts.
With confidence, I neared the bridge that sways
Above that awful chasm where no sun's rays
Can pierce that black oblivion-water's wrath.
An angel, bright, stood guard before my path
With sword unsheathed like bolt of thunder riven.
"Stand!" cried he. "Thou canst not enter heaven!
Is man greater than his God? Oh, be wise
And lay thy treasures up beyond the skies.
Go! Forgive as thou wouldst be forgiven!
It is the bridge on which all pass to heaven.
Thou too hast many sins. Heart obdurate,
Thine enemy forgive before too late."

Then, back to earth and stern duty calling,
 I heard tinkling cascades softly falling;
 The lowing kine; the rushing river near;
 Chirping of birds, the crowing chanticleer;
 Heard matin bells, of convent on the hill,
 To prayer inviting; the grinding mill;
 The fading notes of sleepy whippoorwill.
 As Time record kept with its tic, tic, toc,
 On cathedral tower, 'twas five o'clock.
 Slowly I woke as from a long, deep trance.
 Peace triumphed beneath morning's soothing glance.
 Nature's joy-bells rang, warbling birds sang near;
 On the pansy's face was a sun-kissed tear;
 Upward, with shriven soul, I raised my eyes;
 An angel-song was floating down the skies.
 Life is a short probation. Nobler live!
 If thou wouldst cross that bridge, forgive! forgive!



ALMOST THERE

I'm feeble,—old; I'm almost there.
 The atheist scoffs and questions, "Where?"
 "'Tis all a myth,—a dream," says Doubt,
 "You'll, like a candle, be snuffed out
 Ne'er to be lighted. Foolish one!
 Oblivion, yours,— the prize you've won!
 Your breath's a vapor; it will go;
 Your mortal frame in earth lie low;
 Nor will it quicken. Profound sleep,
 Your senses, in its bonds, will keep.
 For your good deeds, good works on earth,
 Take your reward—of little worth!"
 Now fast, the hour is drawing near
 When I'll go hence; I quake with fear!
 Like the last wailing of despair,
 Still verberates Doubt's echo, "Where?"

I'm feeble,—old; I'm almost there.
 Faith asks no scoffing question, "Where?"
 I'm almost there; the land most won,
 Looms on the distant horizon;
 I almost see the open door
 Where I will enter evermore.
 Gladly I go from care and strife,
 From this into a better life.
 "Believe, and you shall enter in,"
 Says Christ, "all freed from pain and sin."
 Earth narrows to my dimming sight;
 Afar, I see the beacon-light.
 So many mile-stones I've passed by,
 I know the land I seek is nigh.
 I'm feeble,—old; I'm almost there;
 No mocking voices question, "Where?"



"SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT"

O aeroplane brave, sailing afar!
 You will yet hitch your ship to a star!
 You are like ships that pass in the night,
 Leaving no trace on the air in your flight.
 O faithful camels! ships of hot sands!
 Caravans meet, each seeking far lands.
 You are like ships that pass in the night—
 Sands keep no record of your plodding flight.

Ever in freedom, queens of the sea!
 Over the waves, like phantoms, you flee.
 O beautiful ships that pass in the night,
 Cry "Ship ahoy!"—leave no sign of your flight!
 "Good-evening!" "Good-night!"— forever "Good-
 bye!"
 Is heard with a smile, a tear, or a sigh.
 We are like ships that pass in the night—
 We salute—sail on—and vanish from sight.

*I give you words in the song of life.
Each has a part; sing while you may.
I give you words. Each heart supplies
The melody sung on the way.*





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